11605.bb.41

POETICAL SELECTIONS

BY

MR. WRIGHT,

FOR THE

USE OF HIS SCHOOL.

I have stray'd
Wild as the mountain bee, and cull'd a sweet
From many a flow'r that beautified my way.

BRITISH MUSEUM
8 JUL 32

My dear Pupils,

Being feelingly alive to every circumstance that can possibly give you either present or future happiness, I have employed a few hours in selecting this little bouquet whose fragrance I hope you will find not only pleasant but useful.

When I began the work I discovered that it would not be a difficulty to perform; possessing, from my daily practice of teaching, the key to your affections, I have been thereby enabled to select those images which will be reflected by your ingenuous minds, and those sentiments to which your happy bosoms will return the faithful echo

As it is not expected these few pages will be noticed out of the precincts of the School, it is unnecessary to say any thing further concerning them: and as you well know my attention to discover, and my assiduity to remove, the least warp of your mind or blemish in your manners, I conclude with the hope that when taken from my tuition and placed in the great School of the World, you will always endeavour to perform your tasks accurately, and, to distinguish yourselves among the intelligent members of society:—never forgetting the 'Good Supreme,' *and* 'The tear that humanizes the heart.'

1. *The Country Schoolmaster.*

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault:
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill;
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still.
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

2. *Innocent Diversion.*

A moment's pause, and to the vale
Look back from the calm height we tread. See where
The gamesome school-boys, once again dismiss'd,
Feel all the sweets of liberty, and drive
The speedy hours away at the brisk game
Of social cricket. It delights me much
To see them run, and hear the cheerful shout
Sent up for victory—I cannot tell
What rare effect the mingled sound may yield,
Of huntsmen, hounds, and horns, to the firm heart,
That never feels a pain for flying puss,
To me it gives a pleasure far more sweet,
To hear the cry of infant jubilee
Exulting thus. Here all is innocent,
And free from pain, which the resounding chase
With all it's sturdy clamours cannot drown,
E'en tho' it pour along a thund'ring peal,
Strong as the deep artillery of heav'n.

---

3. *Ode.*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest;
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen, their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there.

4. *Against the Fears of Death.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

---

5. *The Thief.*

I tell, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an errant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Æther pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles:
She stole the Graces' winning smiles:
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry, steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils; a store
To which, in time, she added more:
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity; and stole,
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;
She sung—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice, appear'd;

She play'd—the Muses from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilf'ring thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own,
Pardon'd her crimes and prais'd her art;
And t'other day she stole—my heart.

Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy votary on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

---

6. *Song.*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid;
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd 'till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till Pity's self be dead.

---

7. *Our Time is not all for active Virtue.*

The harmless hour shall live,
Not unapplauded, in the book of heav'n.
For dear and precious as the moments are,
Permitted man, they are not all for deeds
Of active virtue. Give we none to vice,
And heav'n will not strict reparation ask
For many a summer's day and winter's eve
So spent as best amuses us. Alas!
If he that made us were extreme to mark
The trifled hour, what human soul could live?

---

8. *To the Nightingale.*

Sweet pensive warbler! why complain,
Why thus thy plaintive song rehearse,
O! why forsake the feather'd train,
Unheard to sing thy lonely verse?
Can such a little breast as thine
Feel half that woe so well exprest,
Which, offer'd up at Pity's shrine,
Would sure affect the hardest breast?

When day is fled, and night comes on,
And shepherds tell their artless love,
'Tis then we hear thy heavenly song,
Which, warbling through the solemn grove
In strains so sweet, so fraught with woe,
So soft, so melancholy wild,
That all who hear with pity glow,
And mourn with thee, sweet Pity's child!

Whate'er thy woes, whate'er thy care,
Thy sorrows or thy inward grief,
With thee a part I'd freely share,
And gladly give thy breast relief:
I'd guard thee from the snares of art,
That thou might'st ever freely rove,
And never know lost freedom's smart,
Sweet warbler of the midnight grove.

---

9. *The Country Fair.*

The happy morning comes, expected long
By lads and lasses. Soon as light appears,
The swain is ready in his Sunday frock,
And calls on Nell to trip it to the fair.
The village bells are up, and jangling loud
Proclaim the holiday. The clam'rous drum
Calls to the puppet-show. The groaning horn
And twanging trumpet speak the sale begun,
Of articles most rare and cheap. Dogs bark
Astounded at the noise. Old women laugh,
Boys shout, and the grave Doctor mounts with glee
His crouded scaffold, struts, and makes a speech,
Maintains the virtue of his salve for corns,
His worm-cakes and his pills, puffs his known skill,
And shews his kettle, silver knives and forks,
Ladle and cream-pot, and to crown the whole,
The splendid tankard. Andrew grins, and courts
The gaping multitude, 'till Tom and Sue
And Abigail and Ned their shoulders shrug,
And laugh and whisper, and resolve to sport
The solitary shilling. See produced
Their unwash'd handkerchiefs. Ah! simple swains,
Ah! silly maids, you laugh, but Andrew wins.
And what for you but sorrow and remorse,
Or box of salve to plaister disappointment?

Unless the smart of folly may be sooth'd
By Andrew's merry pranks, the dancing girl,
And frolic tumbler. Now the street is fill'd
With stalls and booths for gingerbread and beer,
Rear'd by enchantment, finished in a trice.
Amusements here for children of all sorts;
For little master's pence, a coach, a drum,
A horse, a wife, a trumpet; dolls for miss,
Fans, cups and saucers, kettles, maids and churns.
For idle school-boys Punchinello rants,
The juggler shuffles, and the artful dame
Extends her lucky bag. For infants tall,
Of twenty years and upwards, rueful games,
To whirl the horse-shoe, bowl at the nine-pins,
Game at the dial-plate, drink beer and gin,
Rant, rave, and swear, cudgel, get drunk and fight.

Now chilly ev'ning puts her grey coat on,
And from the east advancing, puts to flight
The rear of day, girt with a zone of stars.
The busy fair is ended. The rank booth
Spews out it's beastly habitant, the mob
Disperse, and Andrew's merry pranks are done.
Home reels the drunken clown, or stays to fight,
Nothing the cause, yet honour much concerned.
Confusion reigns, uproar and loud mis-rule;
Distinction cease, and still the oath, the scream,
The shout, the hoot, disturb the midnight ear
Of sober Cloe gone to bed betimes.

---

10. *The Mouse's Petition.*

O! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

O! do not stain with guiltless blood,
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If *mind*, as ancient sages taught,
A never-dying flame,
Still shifts through matter's varying forms,
In every form the same:

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble, lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be all of life we share;

Let pity plead within thy breast
That little all to spare.
So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heart-felt ease,
Beneath thy roof be found.
So when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share;
May some kind angel clear the path,
And break the hidden snare.

---

11. *Opportunity to be seized.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

---

12. *School-boys.*

Gay hope is their's by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Their's buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

---

13. *A Morning Hymn.*

O Thou! who lately clos'd my eyes,
And calm'd my soul to rest,

Now the dull blank of darkness flies,
Be thank'd, be prais'd, be blest.
And as thou say'st me in the night
From anguish and dismay,
Lead through the labours of the light,
And dangers of the day.
Tho' from thy laws I daily swerve,
Yet still thy mercy grant,
Shield me from all that I deserve,
And give me all I want.
Howe'er she's tempted to descend,
Keep Reason on her throne;
From all men's passions me defend,
But chiefly from my own.
Give me a heart t' assist the poor,
E'en as thy hand bestows;
For thee and man a love most pure,
And friendship for my foes.
This, through the merits, death, and birth
Of our blest Lord be given;
So shall I compass peace on earth,
And endless bliss in heaven.

---

14. *Liberty.*

Those days are past
That childhood call'd her own. Ah! happy days
That recollection loves;
Why were ye gone so soon? Did I not love
To quit my desk and ramble in the field,
To gather austere berries from the bush,
Or search the coppice for the clust'ring nut?
Did I not always with a shout applaud
That welcome voice the holiday announc'd?
Say, you that knew me, you that saw me oft

Shut up my book elate, and dance for joy.
O liberty! how passing sweet art thou
To him that labours at the constant oar
Sorely reluctant, to the pining boy
That loves enlargement, and abhors his chains.

---

15. *Beauty.*

Beauty's a gift by Heav'n assign'd
The portion of the female kind.
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And tho' by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him once 'twas paid.

---

16. *Against Scepticism.*

Come hither, fool, that vainly think'st
Thine only is the art to plumb the depth
Of truth and wisdom. 'Tis a friend that calls,
And has some honest pity left for thee,
O thoughtless stubborn Sceptic. Look abroad,
And tell me, shall we to blind chance ascribe
The scene so various, so fair, and good?
Shall we no further search than sense will lead,
To find the admirable cause that so delights
The eye and ear, and scatters all about
Ambrosial perfumes? O there is a hand
That operates unseen, and regulates
The vast machine we tread on. Yes, there is
Who first created the great world, a work
Of deep construction, complicately wrought,
Wheel within wheel, tho' 'tis in vain we strive
To trace remote effects thro' the thick maze
Of movements intricate, confus'd, and strange,

Up to the great Artificer that made,
And guides the whole. What if we see him not?
No more can we behold the busy soul
That animates ourselves. Man to himself
Is all a miracle. I cannot see
The latent cause, yet such I know there is,
That gives the body motion, nor can tell
By what strange impulse 'tis, the ready limb
Performs the purposes of will. How then
Shall thou or I, who cannot span ourselves,
In this our narrow vessel, comprehend
The being of a God. Go to the shore,
Cast in thy slender angle, and draw out
The huge Leviathan. Compress the deep,
And shut it up within the hollow round
Of the small hazel nut. Or freight the shell
Of snail or cockle, with the glorious sun,
And all the worlds that live upon his beams,
The goodly apparatus that rides round
The glowing axle-tree of heav'n. Then come,
And I will grant 'tis thine to scale the height
Of wisdom infinite, and comprehend
Secrets incomprehensible; to know
There is no God, and what the potent cause
That the revolving universe upholds,
And not requires a deity at hand.

O tell me not, most subtle disputant,
That I shall die, the wick of life consum'd
And spite of all my hopes drop in the grave,
Never to rise again. Will the great God,
Who thus by annual miracle restores
The perish'd year, and youth and beauty gives,
By resurrection strange, where none was ask'd,
Leave only man to be the scorn of time
And sport of death? Shall only *he* one spring

One hasty summer, and one autumn see,
And then to winter irredeemable
Be doom'd, cast out, rejected and despis'd?
Tell me not so, or by thyself enjoy
The melancholy thought. Am I deceived?
So let me be for ever. If I err,
It is an error sweet and lucrative:
For should not heav'n a further course intend
Than the short race of life, I am at least
Thrice happier than *thee*, ill-boding fool,
Who striv'st in vain the awful doom to fly
That I not fear. But I *shall* live again,
And still on that sweet hope shall my soul feed:
A medecine it is, that with a touch
Heals all the pains of life; a precious balm,
That makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,
And, of her hornet sting so keen, disarms
Cruel Adversity.

---

17. *Against Affectation.*

I hate the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air:
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The study'd-look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

---

18. *Ode to Fashion.*

Be not impos'd upon by Fashion's roar,
Fashion too often makes a monstrous noise,
Bids us, a fickle Jade, like fools adore
The poorest trash, the meanest toys.
And as a gang of thieves a bustle make,
With greater ease your purse to take,

So Fashion frequently her point to gain,
Sets up a howl enough to stun a stone,
And fairly picks the pocket of your brain,
That is if any brain you chance to own.
Carry your eyes with you where'er you go—
For not to trust to them is to abuse 'em;
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know
The wise old Lady meant that you should use 'em;
And yet what thousands, to our vast surprize
Judge by other people's eyes.
When Nature made a present of a nose
To each man's face, we justly may suppose
She meant, that for itself the nose should think,
And judge in matters of perfume and stink;
Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack,
To bear horn spectacles upon it's back—
Suppose it cannot smell, what then? you'll say,
What then—fling it away.

---

19. *Content.*

Only with him
Sweet peace abounds, and only he escapes
The poison'd shafts of obloquy and wrong,
Who hides his virtue in content; and like
The modest lilly, wins our best regard
By seeking to avoid it. Virtue too
Will ever thus her lone retreat betray,
And spite of privacy, be sought and seen;
For she has fragrance that delights the sense
Of men and angels, yea, of God himself.

---

20. *Night.*

How deep yon azure dies the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,

While through their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide:
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire
In dimness from the view retire;
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate;
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee they life possest
"And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."

---

21. *Thoughts, ineffectual to moderate affliction.*

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

---

22. *The Negroe's Complaint.*

Wide over the tremulous sea
The moon spreads her mantle of light,

And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night:
On the forecastle Maraton stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs past unheard on the gale.

Ah, wretch! in wild anguish he cry'd,
From country and liberty torn;
Ah! Maraton would thou had'st died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.
Accurs'd be the merciless band,
That his love could from Maraton tear,
And useless this impotent hand
Which was sever'd from all I held dear.

Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and Hope made my bosom their home,
There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dreamt of my sorrow to come:
From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echo'd loud through the air;
There was fury and wrath in his tongue,
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.

Now tears down my cheeks ever flow,
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart;
And still may the arrow of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart:
But hark! on the silence of night,
My Adila's accents I hear!
And, mournful beneath the wan light,
I see her lov'd image appear!

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave,
And fondly her lover she chides,
That lingers so long from his grave!

O Maraton! haste thee, she cries,——
Ere the reign of oppression is o'er,
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adila sorrows no more.
Now sinking amid the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view;
O stay thee—my Adila stay!
She beckons, and I must pursue.
To-morrow, the white man in vain,
Shall proudly account me his slave;
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave.

---

23. *Address to the Deity.*

Father of light and life! thou *Good Supreme!*
O teach me what is good, teach me *Thyself!*
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From ev'ry low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

---

24. *Fragment.*

Here I pass the rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r:
My mansion's warm, and very neat;
You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard,
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man:)
She, daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
Am I diseas'd—the cure is known;
Her sweeter juices mend my own.

My fortune, for I'll mention all
And more than you dare tell, is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart:
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten whene'er you please.
'Tis true my little purse grows light,
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.——
You ask, what party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean, Whose fool are you?
The names of party I detest,
Badges of slavery at best:
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.
I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools controul:
I'm pleas'd when vice and folly smart
Or at the gibbet or the cart:

Yet always pity where I can,
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

---

25. *Vanity of Human Nature.*

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind! we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

---

26. *Epigram.*

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd
Was transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest;
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

---

27. *February* 14th.

The day St. Valentine,
When maids are brisk, and at the peep of morn
Start up, and turn their pillows, all agog
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows vast discharge
Of true-love knots and sonnets nicely penn'd,
Yet to the learned critic's eye no verse,
But prose distracted, galloping away
Like yelping cur with kettle at his tail.
Forgive the thought, ye maids of poesy,
And be as kind as fair. A man may laugh

And yet approve, and I your pains applaud,
Tho' short of excellence. O ye fair!
Nature on you as well as us bestow'd
The good capacity. And though to us
She gave the nicer judgment, yet she hid
The sweet defect in you, with better skill
To clothe the fair idea, keener eye,
And quicker apprehension. 'Tis in you
Imagination glows in all her strength,
Gay as the robe of Spring, and we delight
To see ye pluck her blossoms, and compose
The cheerful nosegay for the swain ye love.

---

28. *Old Euclio.*

I give and I devise, old Euclio said
And sigh'd, my lands and tenements to Ned.
Your money Sir; My money Sir, what all?
Why, if I must—then wept, I give it Paul.
The Manor Sir? The Manor, hold—he cry'd
Not that, I cannot part with that—and dy'd.

---

29. *Vain Narcissa.*

Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;
No, let a charming Chints, and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.

---

30. *The Poet.*

The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And as imagination bodies forth

The form of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name,

---

31. *The Vanity of Trust in Man.*

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in th' air of men's fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

---

32. *The Hermit.*

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas then by the cave of a mountain, reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was resign'd,
He thought as a *sage*, but he felt as a *man*.

"Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain:
Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn,
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away—
Full quickly they pass,—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half-extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze:

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again—
But *man's* faded glory no change shall renew,
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save—
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
O! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

---

33. *Slavery.*

Mountains interpos'd,
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingl'd into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys:
And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No, dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

34. *Prudence.*

The prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the croud be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
The fairest fruits attract the flies.

---

35. *The Raven.*

Observe the glossy raven in the grass
Making rude courtship to his negro mate.
O he's a flatterer, and in his song,
If such it may be call'd, her charms recites.
He tells her of her bosom black as jet,
Her taper leg, her penetrating eye,
Her length of beak, her soft and silky wing,
Her voice so tunable; then waddles round,
Begins again, and hopes she will be kind.
But all in vain. Alarm'd he claps his wings
And flies; she much against her will pursues.

---

36. *The Winter Day.*

When raging storms deform the air,
And clouds of snow descend;
And the wide landscape bright and fair,
No deepen'd colours blend:
When biting frost rides on the wind
Bleak from the North and East,
And wealth is at it's ease reclin'd,
Prepar'd to laugh and feast:
When the poor trav'ller treads the plain,
All dubious of his way,
And crawls with night-encreasing pain,
And dreads the parting day:

When poverty in vile attire,
Shrinks from the biting blast,
Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,
And fears it will not last:
When the fond mother hugs her child
Still closer to her breast,
And the poor infant, frost-beguil'd,
Scarce feels that it is prest.
Then let your bounteous hand extend
It's blessings to the poor,
Nor spurn the wretched while they bend
All suppliant at your door.

---

37. *Rural Innocence.*

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsil's feather'd seed, and *twit* and *twit*;
And then in bow'r of apple-blossoms perch'd,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.
I would not hold him pris'ner for the world.
The chimney-haunting swallow too, my eye
And ear well pleases. I delight to see
How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,
How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear
His morning song twitter'd to young-eyed day.

---

38. *Appearances deceitful.*

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
Alas! how diff'rent, to *pretend* and *know!*
Like a poor highway-brook, *pretence* runs loud;
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud:
While, like some nobler stream, *true knowledge* glides
Silently strong, and it's deep bottom hides.

39. *The Cares of Royalty.*

O, unhappy state of kings!
'Tis well the robe of majesty is gay,
Or who wou'd put it on? A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the mis'ries of a people!
To hear their murmers, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
To have your best success ascrib'd to fortune,
And fortune's failures all ascrib'd to you!
It is to sit upon a joyless height,
To every blast of changing fate expos'd!
Too high for hope; too great for happiness;
For friendship too much fear'd! To all the joys
Of social freedom, and th' endearing charm
Of lib'ral interchange of soul unknown.

---

40. *Affectation of Delicacy ridiculed.*

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room:
But knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the *Alps*——that is, ascend the *stairs*.
My fan! let others say who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style:
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound:

And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gigantick carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve;
But chew she must herself; ah cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

---

41. *Virtue and Vice.*

Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and mis'ry is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-ey'd pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their stead, contempt and rude disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes
Neglected and forlorn: disease, and cold,
And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:
Yet patient, and to heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where flush'd with all the insolence of wealth
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours! Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To heaven: of heaven he never speaks
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom health
Sits on his rosy cheek, yet honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinioned sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.
See'st thou this, righteous Father! see'st thou this,

And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall *good* and *ill*
Be carried undistinguished to the land
Where all things are forgot? Ah! no; the day
Will come, when Vitue from the cloud shall burst
That long obscur'd her beams; when sin shall fly
Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness; where no star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

---

42. *Landſcape.*

See the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift sometimes slow:
Wave succeeding wave they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep.
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky,
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

---

43. *Early Riſing.*

Who would lose the animated smile
Of dawning day, for th' austere frown of night?

I grant her well accoutred in her suit
Of dripping sable, powder'd well with stars,
And much applaud her as she passes by
With a replenish'd horn on either brow;
But more I love to see awaking day
Rise with a fluster'd cheek; a chary maid
That fears she has outslept the 'custom'd hour,
And leaves her chamber blushing.

---

44. *Rule for Opinion.*

To know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;
If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways;
When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no court'sy going out,
Depend upon't, mamma is one
Who reads or drinks too much alone.

---

45. *The Peasant.*

See, the toiling swain
With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last
The tough and sinewy furze. How hard he fought
To win the glory of the barren waste.
For what more noble than the vernal furze
With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,
For every blossom has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
Of the *fays* and *fairies*. Here they nightly meet,
Each with a burnish'd king-cup in his hand,
And quaff the subtle ether. Here they dance
Or to the village chimes, or moody song
Of midnight Philomel.

---

46. *Against Mimicry.*

The generous actor will still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care;
'Tis a poor skill which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking nature's fair and open road
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode;
Fir'd with disgust, I loathe his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortions there!
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue and the stage!

---

47. *A Winter Morning.*

The cock, warm-roosting 'midst his feather'd dames,
Now lifts his beak and snuffs the morning air;
Stretches his neck and claps his heavy wings,
Gives three hoarse crows, and glad his task is done;
Low, chuckling, turns himself upon the roost,
Then nestles down again amongst his mates.
The lab'ring hind, (who on his bed of straw,
Beneath his home-made cov'rings, coarse, but warm,
Lock'd in the kindly arms of her who spun them,
Dreams of the gain that next year's crop should bring;
Or at some fair disposing of his wool,
Or by some lucky and unlook'd-for bargain,
Fills his skin purse with heaps of tempting gold,)
Now wakes from sleep at the unwelcome call,

And finds himself but just the same poor man
As when he went to rest.——
He hears the blast against the window beat,
And wishes to himself he were a lord,
That he might lie a bed.

---

48. *To Eliza envious.*

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows,
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.
Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you,
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest where the rest are fair.

---

49. *Wit.*

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

---

50. *Harvest.*

See, o'er his corn the sturdy farmer looks,
And swells with satisfaction, to behold

The plenteous harvest that repays his toil.
We too are gratified, and feel a joy
Inferior but to his, partakers all
Of the rich bounty Providence has strew'd
In plentiful profusion o'er the field.
Tell me ye fair, Eliza tell me, what
Is to the eye more cheerful, to the heart
More satisfactive, than to look abroad,
And from the window see the reaper strip,
Look around, and put his sickle to the wheat?
Or hear the early mower whet his his scythe,
And see where he has cut his sounding way,
E'en to the utmost edge of the brown field
Of oats or barley? What delights us more
Than studiously to trace the vast effects
Of unabated labour? to observe
How soon the golden field stands thick with sheaves?
How soon the oat and bearded barley fall,
In frequent lines before the hungry scythe?
The clatt'ring team now comes, and the swarth hind
Leaps down, and throws his frock aside, and plies
The shining fork, down to the stubble's edge;
The easy wain descends half-built, then turns
And labours up again. From pile to pile
With rustling step the swain proceeds, and still
Bears to the groaning load the well-poiz'd sheaf.
The gleaner follows, and, with studious eye
And bended shoulders, traverses the field
To find the scatter'd ear, the perquisite,
By heav'n's decree, assign'd to them that need,
And neither sow nor reap. Ye that have sown,
And reap so plenteously, and find your barns
Too narrow to contain the harvest giv'n,
Be not severe, and grudge the needy poor
So small a portion. Scatter many an ear,
Nor let it grieve you to forget a sheaf

And over-look the loss. For *He* that gave
Will readily forgive the purpos'd wrong
Done to yourselves; nay more, will twice repay
The generous neglect.

---

51. *Epigram.*

My heart still hovering about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd *with* you is the wonder.

---

52. *Apology for Vagrants.*

For him (who lost to every hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife)
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore,
Who, then no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew—
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

---

53. *Reflections on Death.*

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What strange moment must it be when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd

To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must, body and soul must part.
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings it's way to it's Almighty source,
The witness of it's actions, now it's judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

---

54. *To the Lily.*

He, who adorn'd the earth in all it's grand attire,
Since recreant man dar'd disobedient prove,
To pledge his pardon and allure his love,
Came down a perfect pattern to supply:
For thoughtless, thankless, man, to live and die!
To cleanse his heart with grace divine,
And make his spirit spotless, shine
In perfect purity, like thine!
He chose thee out from all the grafted train,
With which he paints the flow'r-embroider'd plain,
To prove that e'en an Eastern king,
Array'd in all the dext'rous arts can bring,
Compar'd with thee is held in scorn,
Lovely Lily! heaven-born!

---

55. *Summer Evening.*

From ev'ry chimney mounts the curling smoke,
Muddy and grey, of the new ev'ning fire;
On ev'ry window fumes the fam'ly supper,
Set out to cool by the attentive housewife,
While cheerful groups, at every door conven'd,
Bawl cross the narrow lane the parish news,
And oft the bursting laugh disturbs the air.—

But see who comes to set them all agag;
The weary-footed pedlar with his pack.
How stiff he bends beneath his bulky load!
Cover'd with dust, slipshod, and out at elbows;
His greasy hat sits backward on his head;
His thin, straight hair divided on his brow
Hangs lank on either side his glist'ning cheeks,
And woe-begone, yet vacant is his face.
His box he opens and displays his ware.
Full many a varied row of precious stones
Cast forth their dazzling lustre to the light.
To the desiring maiden's wishful eye
The ruby necklace shows it's tempting blaze:
The china buttons, stamp'd with love device,
Attract the notice of the gaping youth;
Whilst streaming garters fasten'd to a pole,
Aloft in air their gaudy stripes display,
And from afar the distant stragglers lure.
The children leave their play and round him flock;
E'en sober aged grand-dame quits her seat,
Where by the door she twines her lengthen'd threads,
Her spindle stops, and lays her distaff by,
Then joins with step sedate the curious throng.
She praises much the fashions of her youth,
And scorns each gaudy nonsense of the day;
Yet not ill-pleas'd the glossy riband views,
Uproll'd and changing hues with ev'ry fold,
Now measur'd out to deck her daughter's head.

---

56. *On Players overacting their Parts.*

Of all the evils that the stage molest,
I hate the fool who overacts his jest:
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And like a bungler haggles all his wit

With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.

---

57. *The Peasant's Breakfast.*

The husbandman lays by his heavy flail,
And to the house returns, where on him wait
His smoking breakfast and impatient children;
Who, spoon in hand, and longing to begin,
Towards the door cast many a weary look
To see their dad come in.——
Then round they sit, a cheerful company,
All eagerly begin, and with heap'd spoons
Besmear from ear to ear their rosy cheeks.
The faithful dog stands by his master's side
Wagging his tail, and looking in his face;
While humble puss pays court to all around,
And purs and rubs them with her furry sides;
Nor goes this little flatt'ry unrewarded.
But the laborious sit not long at table;
The grateful father lifts his eyes to heav'n
To bless his God, whose ever-bounteous hand,
Him and his little-ones doth daily feed,
Then rises satisfied to work again.

---

58. *How little are the Great.*

Yon ancient tow'r
Is now the raven's bleak abode;
Is now th'apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds:
While ever and anon there falls
Huge heaps of hoary, moulder'd walls:
Yet time has been that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,

Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state—
But transient is the smile of fate:
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

---

59. *Inhumanity.*

O thoughtless world; that will not be at pains
To cultivate humanity in youth.
'Tis hence we laugh at woe, and ev'ry day
Unpitying hear the cries of half a world
Vex'd with the galling scourge of slavery.
My eye is cast on Britain's western isles,
And I behold a patient slave grown faint
Under the lash. Inhuman dog, forbear.
The man who now lies bleeding at thy feet
Was once a monarch. To the bloody field
He led a num'rous tribe, attach'd by deeds
Of pure affection to their leader. He
No laws of mutiny had fram'd, nor fear'd
To see desertion thin his crowded ranks.
Bravely he fought and hardly would submit,
Surviving only he. Then first he knew
What 'twas to faint, when looking for his friends
He saw them dead and bleeding at his side.
Nor had he then let fall his well-strung bow,
And shook the poison'd quiver from his sede,
Were there one arrow left, or still surviv'd
He for whose life and happiness he fought,
His only son. Him reeking in his blood
The hapless monarch saw, and could no more.
Then spare him yet. What tho' he left his task,
And sought the friendly shade to vent his grief

Yet recent. True, he slept, and at an hour
When all the world was busy. 'Twas the call
Of sympathizing nature, that would pour
One balm at least upon his countless wounds.
Poor soul, he slept, and *fancy* to his mind
Brought back again the days he once had seen.
Forth from his hut he went, his only son
And wife (now more than widow) by his side.
He tipt his arrow, strung his bow, and shot.
The stricken bird is her's, and her's the deer.
These are his choicest gifts. With these he seeks
His humble palace once again; there sits
And eats his plain and temperate repast,
And the too-fleeting hours beguiles with talk
Of twenty thousand dangerous escapes
From cruel tiger, or more cruel man.
And was this little happiness too much?
The sword of justice surely will unsheath,
Nor fall in vain upon these guilty isles.
Cross not again the proud Atlantic wave,
With hellish purpose to enslave the free,
Or load the pris'ner with eternal chains,
For he is man as thou art. Not for thee,
And only thee did God's creative Word
Call into being this vast work, the world.
Nor yet for thee that Word incarnate shed
His precious blood. Go, false and cruel tyrant,
Reign in the forests of thy native isle,
And let the prowling savage reign in his.
Let him enjoy the little bliss he owns,
Or give him more. Make not that little less,
For Adam was his sire, and Adam thine,
And he shall share redemption too with thee,
With thee and me, and all this Gentile world,
If we deserve to rank in brotherhood
With one we wrong so much. Content were he

To tread the burning desert, feel the sun
Shoot his fierce rays upon his head,
And earn the little plenty his wild state
Affords, with hunter's toil. Content were he
To be an humble pensioner at best
Of the grim lion; but the cursed hand
Of brutal avarice that peace destroys,
That little peace the lordly lion spares.

---

60. *The Birds' Petition to a Gentleman on his return from Shooting.*

Ah shepherd! gentle shepherd, spare
Us plum'd inhabitants of air,
That hop, and inoffensive rove
From tree to tree, from grove to grove.
What phrenzy has possest your mind?
To be destructive of your kind?
Admire not if we kindred claim,
Our sep'rate natures are the same;
To each of us thou ow'st a part
To grace thy person, head, or heart;
The chaste, the fond, the tender *dove*
Inspires thy breast with purest love;
The tow'ring *eagle* claims a part
In thy courageous, gen'rous heart;
On thee the *finch* bestow'd a voice,
To bid the raptur'd soul rejoice;
The *hawk* has giv'n thee eyes so bright,
They kindle love and soft delight;
Thy snowy hue and graceful mien
May in the stately *swan* be seen;
The *robin's* plumes afford the red,
Which thy soft lips and cheeks bespread;
Thy filial piety and truth
The *stork* bestow'd to crown thy youth.

Did we these sev'ral gifts bestow,
To give perfection to a foe?
Did we so many virtues give,
To thee, too fierce to let us live?
Suspend your rage, and ev'ry grove
Shall echo songs of grateful love.
Let pity sooth and sway your mind,
And be the *phœnix* of mankind.

---

61. *Shooting.*

Now let September and October come,
Twin months of slaughter. Persecution starts,
And, ere the dewy day be half awake,
Begins her bloody work. The fields are throng'd
With licens'd murderers, who slay for sport.
Sylvanus joins them not. He envies none
The pleasures of the field, and much admires
To hear the squabble, and the loud harangue,
And all for game; to see the British soul
So puny grown, it quarrels for a feather.
'Tis a mean wretch and scarce deserves to live,
Who cannot find amusements void of pain.

---

62. *Shakspeare.*

On the biforked hill, with Fame's evergreen crown'd,
Encircled with azure serene,
Whilst the sylphs of his fancy play'd wantonly round,
Willy Shakspeare enliven'd the scene;
As all thoughtful he sat, keen-ey'd Wisdom drew near,
Just sent from the regions above;
And, stooping she whisper'd this truth in his ear,
"Thy lays breathe the spirit of Jove."
To his side came the muse of the bowl and the blade,
To hail him great prince of her art;

While Comedy near all those dimples display'd,
That give a brisk pulse to the heart:
Bright Genius approach'd him with pleasing respect,
In her arms a young eagle she bore;
To show, if unshackled by icy neglect,
To what wonderful heights she could soar.

Recumbent before him straight dropt the sweet maid,
When, expanding the wing of her bird,
"Take the quill of Sublimity, Shakspeare," she said,
"And go fashion the tear-starting word."
To Genius he bow'd, as he pluck'd forth the quill;
To the breeze were his vestments unfurl'd;
Like a sun-beam with Fancy he fled from the hill,
To charm and illumine the world.

For the good of mankind he rare precepts convey'd,
And his strains had such pow'r o'er the ear,
That whenever he pleas'd, from the concourse that stray'd,
He could call up the smile or the tear.
Old Time knew his worth—with the sigh of esteem,
From the earth bid sweet Willy arise;
With his Genius he fled, but has left us his theme,
Which will ever be dear to the wise.

---

63. *The Peasant's Wife.*

The fam'ly cares call loud upon the wife
To quit her mean but comfortable bed.
And first she stirs the fire, and blows the flame,
Then from her heap of sticks, for winter stor'd,
An armful brings; loud crackling as they burn,
Thick fly the red sparks upward to the roof,
While slowly mounts the smoke in wreathy clouds.
On goes the seething pot with morning cheer,
For which some little wishful hearts await,
Who peeping from the bed-clothes, spy, well pleas'd
The cheery light that blazes on the wall,

And bawl for leave to rise.——
Their busy mother knows not where to turn,
Her morning work comes now so thick upon her.
One she must help to tie his little coat,
Unpin his cap, and seek another's shoe.
When all is o'er, out of the door they run,
With new-comb'd sleeky hair, and glist'ning cheeks,
Each with some little project in his head.
One on the ice must try his new-sol'd shoes:
To view his well-set trap another hies,
In hopes to find some poor unwary bird
(No worthless prize) entangled in his snare;
Whilst one less active, with round rosy face,
Spreads out his purple fingers to the fire,
And peeps, most wishfully, into the pot.

---

64. *Affected Players.*

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows;
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from it's friendly noun;
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.
Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene,
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More pow'rful terror to the mind conveys
Than he, who swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.
He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd O!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts it's meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the *passions*, all the *soul* is there.

---

65. *A Winter Noon.*

The day now at it's height, the pent-up kine
Are driven from their stalls to take the air.
How stupidly they stare! and feel how strange!
They open wide their smoking mouths to low,
But scarcely can their feeble sound be heard;
Then turn and lick themselves, and step by step
Move dull and heavy to their stalls again.
In scatter'd groups the little idle boys,
With purple fingers moulding in the snow
Their icy ammunition, pant for war;
And, drawing up in opposite array,
Send forth a mighty shower of well-aim'd balls,
Whilst little heroes try their growing strength,
And burn to beat the en'my off the field.
Or on the well-worn ice in eager throngs
Aiming their race, shoot rapidly along,
Trip up each other's heels, and on the surface

With knotted shoes, draw many a chalky line.
Untir'd of play, they never cease their sport
Till the faint sun has almost run his course,
And threat'ning clouds, slow rising from the north,
Spread grumly darkness o'er the face of heav'n:
Then by degrees they scatter to their homes
With many a broken head and bloody nose,
To claim their mothers' pity, who, most skilful,
Cure all their troubles with a bit of bread.

---

66. *To a Young Lady, aged Three Years.*

If I say that Betsy's fair,
Ringlets deck her flowing hair,
Beauty blooms in Betsy's face,
Aided by each lovely grace;
Yet unconscious of her charms,
No vain thought her bosom warms,
Let the wond'ring swain be told
That Betsy is but three years old!

Let no more the light coquette,
With damask cheek and eyes of jet,
In conscious pride survey her glass,—
Betsy can her charms surpass:
To all she holds a model forth
Of female excellence and worth;
Virtue stamp'd in beauty's mould—
Yet Betsy is but three years old.

Grant me then one sprig of bays
Little Betsy for my lays—
Worthy of your mother's care,
May you all her virtues share:
And when you gain a riper age,
With candour view my untaught page—
The artless lines you here behold,
When Betsy was but three years old.

67. *The Cottager's Evening Fire.*

The night comes on apace—
Chill blows the blast, and drives the snow in wreaths.
Now ev'ry creature looks around for shelter,
And, whether man or beast, all move alike
Towards their sev'ral homes; and happy they
Who have a house to screen them from the cold!
Lo, o'er the frost a rev'rend form advances!
His hair white as the snow on which he treads,
His forehead mark'd with many a care-worn furrow,
Whose feeble body bending o'er a staff,
Still shows that once it was the seat of strength,
Tho' now it shakes like some old ruin'd tow'r.
Cloth'd indeed, but not disgrac'd with rags,
He still maintains that decent dignity
Which well becomes those who've serv'd their country.
With tott'ring steps he to the cottage moves:
The wife within who hears his hollow cough,
And patt'ring of his stick upon the threshold,
Sends out her little boy to see who's there.
The child looks up to view the stranger's face,
And seeing it enlighten'd with a smile,
Holds out his little hand to lead him in.
Rous'd from her work, the mother turns her head,
And sees them, not ill-pleas'd.—
The stranger whines not with a piteous tale,
But only asks a little, to relieve
A poor old soldier's wants.——
The gentle matron brings the ready chair,
And bids him sit, to rest his wearied limbs,
And warm himself before her blazing fire.
The children, full of curiosity,
Flock round, and with their fingers in their mouths,
Stand staring at him; whilst the stranger, pleas'd,
Takes up the youngest boy upon his knee.

Proud of it's seat it wags it's little feet,
And prates, and laughs, and plays with his white locks.
But soon the soldier's face lays off it's smiles;
His thoughtful mind is turn'd on other days,
When his own boys were wont to play around him,
Who now lie distant from their native land
In honourable, but untimely graves.
He feels how helpless and forlorn he is,
And bitter tears gush from his dim-worn eyes.
His toilsome daily labour at an end,
In comes the wearied master of the house,
And marks with satisfaction his old guest,
With all his children round:
His honest heart is fill'd with manly kindness;
And bids him stay and share their homely meal,
And take with them his quarters for the night.
The weary wand'rer thankfully accepts,
And seated with the cheerful family,
Around the plain but hospitable board,
Forgets the many hardships he has pass'd.

---

68. *Hymn to Cynthia.*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to cheer, when day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;

Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright.

---

69. *A Summer Morning.*

The new-wak'd birds upon the branches hop,
Peck their soft down, and bristle out their feathers,
Then stretch their throats and tune their morning song:
Whilst stately crows, high swinging o'er their heads
Upon the topmast boughs in lordly pride,
Mix their hoarse croaking with the linnet's note;
'Till gather'd closer in a sable band,
They take their flight to seek their daily food.

The village labourer, with careful mind,
As soon as doth the morning light appear,
Opens his eyes with the first darting ray
That pierces thro' the window of his cot,
And quits his easy bed; then o'er the field,
With lengthen'd swinging strides, betakes his way,
Bearing his spade and hoe across his shoulder,
(Seen from afar clear glancing in the sun)
And with good will begins his daily work.
The sturdy sun-burnt boy drives forth the cattle,
And vain of pow'r, bawls to the lagging kine,
Who fain would stay to crop the tender shoots
Of the green tempting hedges as they pass;
Or beats the glist'ning bushes with his club,
To please his fancy with a shower of dew.

At ev'ry open door thro' all the village,
Half-naked children, half-awake, are seen
Scratching their heads, and blinking to the light;
'Till roused by degrees, they run about,
Or rolling in the sun, amongst the sand
Build many a little house, with heedful art.

The housewife tends within her morning care;
And stooping 'midst her tubs of curdled milk,
With busy patience draws the clear green whey
From the press'd sides of the pure snowy curd;
Whilst her brown dimpled maid with tuck'd-up sleeve,
And swelling arm, assists her in her toil.
Pots smoke, pails rattle, and the warm confusion
Still thickens on them, till within it's mould,
With careful hands, they press the well-wrought curd.

---

70. *The Boy and Butterfly,*

Wak'd by the summer sun's enliv'ning ray,
A splendid moth emerg'd to share the day;
Rang'd round the lawn, and flutter'd through the bow'r,
Sipp'd the clear stream, and suck'd the honey'd flow'r,
Till, tir'd with wanton sport, she dropt to rest
Upon a pois'nous nettle's thorny breast.

The gay coquette a giddy stripling view'd;
From flow'r to flow'r with ardent step pursued:
Transported saw the prostrate beauty lie
In all her charms before his cheated eye;
Rushing with eager speed the prize to gain,
'Mid transient pleasures fix'd a lasting pain.

So Vice displays her fascinating charms,
Alluring youth to seek her harlot arms;
Concealing, like the moth's embroider'd wing,
The baneful nettle's sharp envenom'd sting:
Leads on awhile the tantalizing race,
Enhancing by delay the hop'd embrace;
But soon the mock'ry ends, the vision flies,
And taught too late, the wretched victim dies!

---

71. *On Sin.*

Sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious thing
Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce *volcano*, from his burning entrails
That belches molten stone, and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round;
And *there* it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But *that* too has it's shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world.

---

72. *Sonnet.*

The garlands fade, that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flow'r, which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemonies that spangled ev'ry grove.
The primrose wan, and hare-bell, mildly blue.
No more shall vi'lets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah! poor *humanity*! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, or corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring!
Ah! why has *happiness* no second spring.

---

73. *The Good Man's Death.*

Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting:
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the vast-coming harvest—then, O! then
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought—O! how he longs
To have has passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd—
Tis done! and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd—E'en the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
It's better half, never to sunder more;
Nor shall it hope in vain.

---

74. *On a Grave-Stone.*

The maid that owns this humble stone,
Was scarce in yonder hamlet known;
And yet her sweets (but heav'n denied)
Had grac'd the cot where late she died.
Behold how fresh the verdure grows,
Where *peace* and *innocence* repose.
Thou too, not unimprov'd depart;
Go, guard like her thy rural heart:

Go, keep her grass-grown sod in mind,
Till death, the foe whom thou shalt find,
Bedew'd with many a simple tear,
Shall lay thy village virtues here.

---

75. *On Suicide.*

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouthe the heav'ns; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear death: then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel—
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an hereafter;
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not: our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature swerving from the earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it heav'n. Let not upon disgust,
The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er
With blood of it's own lord—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage

To rush into the presence of our judge,
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst
And matter'd not his wrath.
Our time is fix'd and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heav'n shall give permission:
Like sent'ries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour till they're reliev'd;
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick. To run away
From this world's ills, which at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown
And plunging headlong in the dark—'tis mad;
No phrenzy half so desperate as this.

---

76. *On a Bee stifled in Honey.*

From flow'r to flow'r with eager pains,
See the blest busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is, in the sweets she hoards, to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy;
If we taste wisely they relieve,
But, if we plunge *too* deep, destroy.

---

77. *The Mistake.*

A cannon ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And, as on's comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.

The fellow on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick'pack to the surgeons.
Zounds! cries the doctors are you drunk,
To bring us here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.

---

78. *Cruelty to Brutes.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets his foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when held within their proper bounds
And guiltless of offence, they range the air
Or take their pastime in the spacious field;
There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;
Disturbs th' œconomy of nature's realm,
Who when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this; if man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish their's.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,

Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.
Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defiled in most,
By budding ills that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of it's act,
By which heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in *his* turn.

---

79. *Praise for Mercies.*

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
  How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
  For all his gifts to me!

Not more than others I deserve,
  Yet God hath giv'n me more;
For I have food while others starve
  Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
  Half-naked I behold;
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
  And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
  Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
  And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear;
  And curse, and lie, and steal—

Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
Are these thy favours day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

---

80. *The Rustic Cot.*

Visit it at morn; it's op'ning latch,
Tho' *penury* and *toil* within reside,
Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny
Glowing with health and beauty—such the dower
Of equal heav'n. See how the ruddy tribe
Throng round the threshold, and with vacant gaze
Salute thee; call the loit'rers in to use,
And form of these thy fence, the living fence
That graces what it guards. Thou think'st, perchance,
That skill'd in nature's heraldry, thy art
Has in the limits of yon fragrant tuft
Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June
Spreads it's peculiar crimson; do not err—
The loveliest still is wanting, the fresh rose
Of innocence; it blossoms on their cheek,
And lo! to thee they bear it, striving each
In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas!
Has o'er their little limbs her liv'ry hung
In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs
Are shapely: their rude locks start from their brow,
Yet on that open brow, it's dearest throne,
Sits sweet *simplicity*. Ah, clothe the troop
In such a russet garb as best befits
Their past'ral office; let their leathern scrip
Swing at their side; tip thou their crook with steel,
And braid their hat with rushes; then to each

Assign his station. At the close of eve,
Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
Their care to set them free; yet watching still
The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog
Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;
They bask on sunny hillocks, or disport
In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace
Which only lives in actions unrestrain'd,
To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm.

---

81. *Scotland.*

Had Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his doom;
Not forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him at home.

---

82. *The Beggar.*

I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or go—if he says *true*, he *lies*.

---

83. *Treason.*

Treason does never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dares call it treason.

---

84. *Suicide.*

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The *coward* sneaks to death, the *brave* live on.

---

85. *What's Honour.*

Not to be captious, not unjustly fight;
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

---

86. *Evening Walk.*

Down the hedge-row path
We hasten home, and only slack our speed
To gaze a moment at the 'custom'd gap,
That all so unexpectedly presents
The clear cerulean prospect down the vale.
Dispers'd along the bottom flocks and herds,
Hayricks and cottages, beside a stream
That silverly meanders here and there;
And higher up, corn-fields, and pastures, hops,
And waving woods, and tufts, and lonely oaks,
Thick interspers'd as nature best was pleas'd.
I could not pass this view, nor stay to feast,
For all the wealth of Ind.

---

87. *The dying Christian to his Soul.*

Vital spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring flying,
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper—angels say
Sister spirit come away:
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath;
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings I mount! I fly!
O! grave! where is thy victory—
O! death where is thy sting?

---

88. *Reflections on Life.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

---

89. *The Lounger.*

I rise about nine, get to breakfast at ten,
Blow a tune on my flute or perhaps make a pen;
Read a play till eleven or cock my lac'd hat,
Then step to my neighbour's till dinner to chat.
Dinner over, to **Tom's* or to *Clapham's* I go,
The news of the town so impatient to know;
While *Law*, *Locke*, and *Newton*, and all the rum race
That talk of their modes, their ellipses and space,
The seat of the soul, and new systems on high,
In holes as abstruse, as their mysteries lie.
From the Coffee-house then I to Tennis away,
And at six I post back to my college, to pray:
I sup before eight, and secure from all duns,
Undauntedly march to the Mitre or Tuns;

**Coffee-houses.*

Where in punch or good claret my sorrows I drown,
And toss off a bowl to the best of the town:
At one in the morning I call what's to pay,
Then home to my chambers I stagger away,
Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all day.

---

90. *Virtue needs no embellishment.*

What need of dress
So fine and gorgeous, if the soul within
Be chaste and pure? The fairest mark put on
Hides not the wrinkle of deformity.
A soul of worth will gild a beggar's frieze,
And on his tatter'd suit a lustre shed
No time can change. Give to the *harlot's* cheek
The glowing rouge; *true virtue* needs it not;
Shed perfumes in the chambers of the sick,
The lip of health has odours of it's own.

---

91. *The Wish.*

Shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea—
And laugh at miserable elves
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess but not enjoy.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile
And wearing virtue's liv'ry, smile;
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive:
With income not in fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour;

With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news;
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down:
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing into age.
When fate extends it's gath'ring gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe—
Quit a worn being without pain,
In hope to blossom soon again.

---

92. *The Blessing of a Shepherd's life.*

Methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hour's must I sport myself;
So many days, my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months, ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
(Past over to the end they were created)
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this—how sweet! how lovely!—
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subject's treachery?
O yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh-tree's shade,
(All which secure and sweetly he enjoys)
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When *care*, *mistrust*, and *treason* wait upon him.

---

93. *The Coachman.*

Honest William, an easy and good-natured fellow,
Would a little too oft, get a little too mellow;
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer,
No better e'er sate on a box to be sure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mother or nurses
Took the care of their babes that he took of his horses.
He'd these—ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the bus'ness of *tippling* could ne'er be got o'er:
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
Now William says he, you may see the plain case,
Had you drunk as he does, you'd have kept a good place.
Drink water! quoth William—had all men done so,
You'd never have wanted a coachman I trow.
They're soakers like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

---

94. *Real Grief.*

Seems! nay it is, I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloke good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed *seem*,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have *that* within which passeth show,
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

---

95. *Conscience.*

Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous pow'r!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves, another self;
A master-self that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds,
Make the past present, and the future frown!
How, ever and anon awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug;
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life.

---

96. *A Child to his sick Grandfather.*

Gran-dad, they say you're old and frail,
Your stocked legs begin to fail:
Your knobbed stick, that was my horse,
Can scarce support your bended corse;
While back to wall, you lean so sad,
I'm vex'd to see you, dad.
You us'd to smile, and stroke my head,
And tell me how good children did;
But now I wot not how it be,
You seldom take me on your knee;

Yet ne'ertheless I am right glad
To sit beside you, dad.

How lank and thin your beard hangs down!
Scant are the white hairs on your crown:
How wan and hollow are your cheeks!
Your brow is rough with crossing breaks;
But yet, for all his strength is fled,
I love my own old dad.

The housewives round their potions brew,
And gossips come to ask for you:
And for your weal each neighbour cares,
And good men kneel, and say their pray'rs:
And ev'ry body looks so sad,
When you are ailing, dad.

You will not die and leave us then?
Rouse up and be our dad again.
When you are quiet and laid in bed,
We'll doff our shoes and softly tread;
And when you wake we'll aye be near,
To fill old dad his cheer.

When thro' the house you shift your stand,
I'll lead you kindly by the hand:
When dinner's set, I'll with you bide,
And aye be serving by your side:
And when the weary fire burns blue,
I'll sit and talk with you.

I have a tale both long and good,
About a partlet and her brood;
And cunning greedy fox, that stole
By dead of midnight thro' a hole,
Which slily to the hen-roost led—
You love a story, dad?

And then I have a wond'rous tale
Of men all clad in coats of mail,

With glitt'ring swords—you nod I think?
Your fixed eyes begin to wink:
Down on your bosom sinks your head:
You do not hear me, dad.

---

97. *Labour.*

A life of labour yields
Sweet enjoyment. It gives the body health,
Agility and strength, and makes it proof
Against the fang of pain. It stops the course
Of prodigal Contagion, scares away
The scythe of Time, and turns the dart of Death.
And hence the mind unwonted force derives;—
Recruited oft by labour, to her work
Strong as a giant she returns, and rolls
Her Sisyphæan ball with wond'rous ease
Up to the mountain's top. O 'tis the soul
Of poesy and wit! Then follow still
The happy task, nor scorn to feel, my friend,
How passing grateful 'tis to reap the fruits
Of willing toil. The board of Industry
By her own labour frugally supplied,
Gives to her food an admirable zest
Unknown to Indolence, that half asleep
With palateless indifference surveys
The smoking feast of Plenty.

---

98. *The Rose and the Hornet.*

Deep in a lone sequester'd vale,
Where many a streamlet flows;
And nurs'd by many a gentle gale,
Soft bloom'd a damask rose.

The summer's suns, the zephyrs bland,
All own'd her peerless queen;

The honey'd bee, spring's sweetest child,
Oft sought her breast serene.
Her beauties op'ning on the day,
With ev'ry grace were crown'd;
Imbib'd the golden solar beam,
And deck'd the desart ground.

Daughter of nature, still she blow'd
Where human face ne'er shone;
And spread her blossoms to the view
But of the sun alone.

Pride of the East, a brighter glow,
Beyond our garden's bloom,
Bade her with heighten'd beauty blush,
And scatter rich perfume.

Her rudely rushing through the air,
An angry *hornet* 'spi'd;
Vow'd to enjoy the heav'nly flow'r,
In all her blooming pride.

Bold son of heat, with rudest haste
His course he strait address'd;
To rifle all her charms in spite,
And riot on her breast.

He search'd each leaf, each blossom wounds
With rude unhallow'd rage;
Yet nothing could his search explore,
His passion to assuage.

The beauteous flow'r, tho' wildly rent,
No sweetness would afford;
But hurt by many a vengeful thorn,
His rashness he deplor'd.

At length thus baffled and deceiv'd,
Enrag'd he silence broke;
And now of ev'ry hope bereft,
He thus insulting spoke:

"Vain gaudy flow'r, they term thy breast
Engaging, bright and fair:
Who seek thy bosom, ne'er shall find
Or joy or sweetness there.

The bee indeed, thy fav'rite, still
Says, honey springs from thee;
Yet nought but trouble, care and pain,
Hast thou bestow'd on me.

Then boast no more thy beauteous form
That still excites desire;
Since *thorns* alone thou can'st betsow
To quench a lover's fire."

Then thus the rose—"Intruder vile!
Who thus would'st force employ;
Tho' arm'd with pow'r, know 'tis not thine
To taste substantial joy.

The bee, which sips each sweet that glows
In lawn or shady bow'r,
Tastes all the honey as he flies—
But never wounds the flow'r.

Whilst thou both impious and unwise,
Of all our tribes the scorn:
For ev'ry violated sweet,
Shalt always meet a thorn."

---

99. *The Sportsman.*

Mark his gait,
When morning hardly dawns, and from the hutch
He lets the full-ear'd pointer loose, to range.
Well arm'd is he, within with morning dram,
Without with old surtout, thick shoes, and hose
Of leather, button'd to the buckskin'd knee.
So forth he fares, brave knight; but first he primes

And loads his burnish'd piece, then hangs his pouch,
His powder-horn, and whip with whistle tipt
On his broad shoulders. Let me not forget,
What he might well forget, th' important bag,
To be ere long (for so he thinks) well lin'd
With pheasant, partridge, snipe, or tardy quail.
So mounts the popping Hudibrass or style
Or crackling hedge, or leaps the muddy ditch,
His armour clatt'ring as he goes. I see
Where he has swept the silver dew away
Across the pasture. Now he climbs the gate,
And heys his dog to run the stubble round,
While he stands still, or scarcely moves a pace.
So have I seen the hasty minute-hand
Run round and round, while th' other idly stood,
Or seem'd to stand, and ever and anon
Bray'd loud to set him on his way again.
Take heed! take heed! With nose infallible
The silent pointer winds toward the game.
Now motionless he stands, one foot lift up,
His nostril wide-distended, and his tail
Unwagg'd. Now speed my hero of the gun,
And when the sudden covey springs, let fly,
And miss them all. O I rejoice to see
When our amusements are so innocent,
They give no pain at all. But spare the whip,
And if the wary covey springs too soon,
Let *Sancho* still be safe; and let not rage
Prompt thee to stamp upon his guiltless neck
Till the blood issues from his mouth and nose;
Much less let fly upon the faithful cur
The volley fate has spar'd, for he is staunch,
And true to thee as thou art false to him.

100. *A Prayer.*

O thou unknown Almighty! cause
  Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence ere an hour,
  Perhaps I must appear!
If I have wander'd in those paths
  Of life I ought to shun,
As *something* loudly in my breast
  Remonstrates I have done;
Thou know'st, that thou hast formed me
  With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their 'witching voice
  Hath often led me wrong.
Where human weakness has come short,
  Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good!* for such thou art,
  In shades of darkness hide.
Where with intention I have err'd,
  No other plea I have,
But, thou art good, and—*Goodness still*
  Delighteth to forgive.

---

101. *An accomplished young Gentleman.*

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

---

102. *A Mother to her waking Infant*

Now in thy dazzling half-op'd eye,
Thy curled nose, and lip awry,

Thy up-hoist arms, and noddling head,
And little chin with crystal spread,
Poor helpless thing! what do I see,
That I should sing of thee?

From thy poor tongue no accents come,
Which can but rub thy toothless gum:
Small understanding boast thy face,
Thy shapeless limbs nor step, nor grace:
A few short words thy feats may tell—
And yet I love thee well.

When sudden wakes the bitter shriek,
And redder swells thy little cheek;
When rattled keys thy woe beguile,
And thro' the wet-eye gleams the smile,
Still for thy weakly self is spent
Thy little silly plaint.

But when thy friends are in distress,
Thou'lt laugh and chuckle ne'er the less;
Nor e'en with sympathy be smitten,
Tho' all are sad but thou and kitten,
Yet little varlet that thou art,
Thou twitchest at the heart.

Thy rosy cheek so soft and warm;
Thy pinky hand, and dimpled arm;
Thy silken locks that scantly peep,
With gold-tipp'd ends, where circle deep
Around thy neck in harmless grace
So soft and sleekly hold their place,
Might harder hearts with kindness fill,
And gain our right good will.

Each passing clown bestows his blessing,
Thy mouth is worn with old wives' kissing:
E'en lighter looks the gloomy eye
Of surly Sense when thou art by;

And yet I think whoe'er they be,—
They love thee not like me.

Perhaps when time shall add a few
Short years to thee, thou'lt love me too.
Then wilt thou thro' life's weary way
Become my sure and cheering stay:
Wilt care for me, and be my hold,
When I am weak and old.

Thou'lt listen to my lengthen'd tale,
And pity me when I am frail—
But see, the sweepy spinning fly
Upon the window takes thine eye.
Go to thy little senseless play—
Thou dost not heed my lay.

---

103. *Contemplation.*

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious *night*,
And *contemplation* her sedate compeer;—
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train;
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sick'ning thought! And yet deluded man,
(A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers) rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

---

104. *Virtue to Penitence.*

The golden harp of heaven She strung,
And thus the tuneful Goddess sung:

"Lovely Penitent arise,
Come and claim thy kindred skies:
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil tri'd;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found."

"Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring only to betray:
What alas, can life contain!
Life, like all it's circles—vain:

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' encumb'ring world shall pass;
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep—
Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd."

"Little trembler fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store;

Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely Penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture *pleasure* knows:
Richer far the weeds I bring
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest,
On my toils eternal rest.

Come with Virtue at thy side,
Come, be ev'ry bar defi'd,
Till we gain our native shore,
Sister come, and turn no more."

---

105. *Slander.*

'Tis *Slander*;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world—kings, queens, and states,

Maids, matrons—nay the secrets of the grave,
This vip'rous *Slander* enters.

---

106. *The Funeral Flowers.*

As lonely walking o'er the plain
With solemn step and slow,
A hapless *Swain* at midnight hour
Went forth to vent his woe;
His hand the sweetest flow'rets fill'd
That glow'd with beauty's bloom:
Now destin'd with their richest tints
T' adorn his Laura's tomb.

Lo! there each mournful flow'r he strew'd,
Which vernal Flora bears;
With frequent sighs dispers'd them round,
And water'd them with tears.
There was the *vi'let's* purple hue,
And *hyacinthus* seen;
The leaves with monarchs' names inscrib'd—
And plaintive notes between.

Sweet *rosemary*, and many a plant
In eastern gardens known;
And lovers' *myrtle*, which the queen
Of beauty deigns to own.

A *Sage*, who wander'd there alone
In the dank dews of night,
To gather plants of mystic pow'r,
Beneath the moon's pale light,
With scornful smile, and eye askance,
The hapless youth survey'd;
Who paid the last sad tribute there
To the departed maid.

"And what! said *he*, shall these sweet flow'rs,
Which sinking life can save,

And plants of aromatic scent,
Adorn a dreary grave?
For shame, fond youth! learn nature's gifts
With better skill to prize;
Attend her precepts; read them here—
Be frugal and be wise."
He ceas'd—the sighing youth repli'd,
"To Laura's shade I give
Unblam'd, each emblematic flow'r
Which *she* first taught to live.
And frequent here fair Flora's train
Uncull'd by me shall bloom,
And nurs'd by bright Aurora's tears,
Diffuse their rich perfume.
Then urge me not with narrow mind
To wrong the dust below;
But rather *thou* expand thy heart,
And gen'rous tears bestow."
Thus as he spoke, the *Redbreast* mild,
The friend of human-kind,
Wide scatter'd leaves o'er the low mound,
And on the turf reclin'd.
While *Philomel* with plaintive notes
Funereal dirges sung
O'er Laura's tomb, who oft in life
Had mourn'd *her* ravish'd young.
And vain, she sang, was wisdom's lore,
That taught the heart to hide;
And vain the empty idle boast
Of philosophic pride.
The flow'rs more sweetly seem'd to smile
Reviving at her lay;

And sweeter scent, and fresher green,
The swelling leaves display.
The *Sage* stood check'd, the solemn song
Such virtue could impart;
He dropp'd a tear, to pity due
That humaniz'd the heart.
The graceful softness of the soul
He learn'd thenceforth to prize,
And own'd, *where nature touch'd the heart,—*
'Twas folly to be wise.

---

107. *Child resembling it's Father.*

Behold,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead—nay the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles—
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.

---

108. *Hope.*

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on *hope* relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope like the glimm'ring taper's light
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

---

109. *Hope.*

I deem it good to steal from years to come
A share of happiness. We could not live,
Did we not hope to-morrow would produce

A better lot than we enjoy to-day.
Hope is the dearest med'cine of the soul—
A sweet oblivious antidote, that heals
The better half of all the pains of life.

---

110. *The Fire-Side.*

Dear Sally, while the busy croud,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In *folly's* maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,

That *marriage*, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with *pity* on the *great*,
And *bless* our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For *nature's* calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make *that* little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deni'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
Dear Sally, this is *wisdom's* part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand through life we'll go—
It's chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit it's vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While *conscience*, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

---

111. *A Father's advice to his Son, going to travel.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tri'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,

Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, *to thine own self be true*;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

---

112. *Youth.*

Hark! how the renovating spring
Invites the sportive birds to sing,
Spontaneous mirth and rapture glow
On ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry bough;
Their little airs a lesson give,
They teach us mortals how to live;
And well advise us, whilst we can,
To spend in joy the vital span.
Ye gay and youthful, all advance
Together join in festive dance—
See blooming Hebe leads the way,
For Youth is nature's holiday.

---

113. *Scandal.*

From morn to night
Your scandal-monger prates, and tells you all
The secret springs that actuate the state,
The minister, the people. She can see
With half an eye, who stands, who falls, who rises,
Who little merits, and who best deserves.

And so she murders truth, and propagates
The public lie, extorting many a tear
And many a sigh from wounded innocence.
O, ye fair! if ev'ry idle word
Have weight in heav'n, what deed so rarely good
Can turn the scale in favour of *that* fool,
Who prattles injury, and worth defames,
From gay fifteen to tremulous fourscore.

---

114. *Health.*

Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can;
Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave—
Calmly retire, like ev'ning light,
And cheerful bid the world good night?
Let *temp'rance* constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend and guide!
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense?
Let *temp'rance*, always friend to fame,
With steady hand direct your aim;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For they who slight *her* golden rules,
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.

---

115. *Solitary reflections in a Church.*

I have gone at night,
When the faint eye of day was hardly clos'd,
And turn'd the grating key that kept the door
Of church or chapel, to enjoy alone
The mournful horrors that impending night
And painted windows shed, along the dark

And scarce-to-be-distinguish'd aisle. My foot
Has stood and paus'd, half startled at the sound
Of it's own tiptoe pace. I've held my breath
And been offended that my nimble heart
Should throb so audibly. I would not hear
Aught else disturb the silent reign of death,
Save the dull ticking of a restless clock,
That calls me home, and leads the thoughtful soul
Thro' mazes of reflection, till she feels
For what and whom she lives. Ye timid fair,
I never saw the sheeted ghost steal by,
I never heard th' imprison'd dead complain
And gibber in my ear, tho' I have lov'd
The yawning time of night, and travell'd round
And round again the mansions of the dead.
Yet I have heard, what *fancy* well might deem
Sufficient proof of both, the prowling owl
Sweep by, and with a hideous shriek awake
The church-yard echo.

---

116. *Humphrey's Courtship.*

A courting I went to my love,
  Who is sweeter than roses in May,
And when I came to her, by Jove,
  The deuce of a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
  There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
  If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
  While my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I said I protest,
  But—Madam 'tis very fine weather.
To an arbour I did her attend,
  She ask'd me to come and sit by her;

I crept to the furthermost end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.
I ask'd her which way was the wind,
For I thought in some talk we must enter:
Why, Sir, she answer'd and grinn'd,
Have you just sent your wits for a venture?
Then I follow'd her into her house,
Where I vow'd I my passion would try,
But there I was still as a mouse:
O what a dull booby was I!

---

117. *Mob.*

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when *I* do blow,
And yielding to another when *it* blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust—
Such is the lightness of your common men.

---

118. *To-morrow.*

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so very long ere it arrive——
Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear,
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool doth say,
To-day's too late—the wise liv'd yesterday.

---

119. *The messenger of Winter.*

Behold,
Gloomy and sad *November* comes, with brow
Severe and clouded. Scarce a leaf sustains

His pestilential blast. The woods are stript,
And all their honours shatter'd in the vale.
The messenger of surly Winter *he*,
And in his hand he bears the nipping frost.
Before his tyrant lord he scatters sleet,
And with a hideous frown bids Autumn speed,
And after her runs howling thro' the land.

---

120. *The Mynstrelles Songe.*

O! synge untoe my roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge † ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Ynne hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Black hys cryne * as wyntere nyght,
Whyte hys rode ‡ as sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as mornynge lyght,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Ynne hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tongue as throstles note,
Quycke ynne daunce as thought can bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lys bie the wyllowe tree;
Mie love ys dedde,
Ynne hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flaps hys wynge,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the deathe-owle loude doth synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

† Running. * Hair. § Complexion.

Mie love ys dedde,
Ynne hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie,
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude,
Whyterre yanne the morning skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Ynne hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Here, upon mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee onne hallie seynȼte to save
Al the celness of a mayde:
Mie love ys dedde,
Ynne his deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dent the brieres
Rounde hys hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Ynne hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and al yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Ynne hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Water wytches crownede wythe reytes *
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde;

* Water flags.

I die, I comme; mie true love waytes—
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.
Nowe bothe lye dedde,
Ynne onne deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

---

121. *A Statue.*

What was he, that did make it? See!
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood? masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip,
The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.—Still methinks
There is an air comes from her—what fine chisel
Could ever cut breath!—Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

---

122. *Reflections on a Pipe of Tobacco, and a Pinch of Snuff.*

Whilst smoke arises from my pipe,
Thus to myself I say:
Why should I anxious be for life,
Which vanishes away.

Our social snuff-boxes convey
The same ideas just;
As if they silently would say,
Let's mingle dust to dust.

---

123. *Parental Affection.*

A doating parent lives
In many lives; thro' many a nerve she feels;
From child to child the quick affection spread,
For ever wand'ring yet for ever fix'd.

Nor does division weaken, nor the force
Of constant operation e'er exhaust
Parental love. All other passions change,
With changing circumstances; rise or fall,
Dependant on their object; claim returns,
Live on reciprocation, and expire
Unfed by hope. *A mother's fondness reigns*
Without a rival, and without an end.

---

124. *The Drum.*

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youths it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that *mis'ry's* hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

---

125. *On War.*

O war, what art thou!
After the brightest conquest, what remains
Of all thy glories? For the vanquish'd, chains!
For the proud victor, what? Alas, to reign
O'er desolated nations—a drear waste;
By one man's crime, by one man's lust of pow'r,

Unpeopled. Naked plains and ravag'd fields
Succeed to smiling harvests, and the fruits
Of peaceful olive, luscious fig and vine.
Here, rifled temples are the cavern'd dens
Of savage beasts, or haunts of birds obscene;
There, pop'lous cities blacken in the sun,
And in the gen'ral wreck, proud palaces
Lie undistinguish'd, save by the dun smoke
Of recent conflagration. When the song
Of dear-bought joy with many a triumph swell'd
Salutes the victor's ear, and sooths his pride;
How is the grateful harmony profan'd
With the sad dissonance of virgins' cries,
Who mourn their brothers slain—Of matrons hoar,
Who clasp their wither'd hands and fondly ask,
With iteration shrill, their slaughter'd sons!
How is the laurel's verdure stain'd with blood,
And soil'd with widows' tears!

---

126. *On Content.*

It is not youth can give *content*,
Nor is it wealth's decree;
It is a gift from heaven sent,
Tho' not to thee or me.

It is not in the monarch's crown,
Tho' he'd give millions for't:
It dwells not in his lordship's frown,
Or waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,
It is not in a garter;
'Tis not in love or politics—
But 'tis in *Hodge* the carter.

---

127. *Character of an excellent Man.*

How could my tongue
Take pleaſure, and be lavish in thy praiſe—
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble:
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next heaven, I trust.

---

128. *The Garland.*

The pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
The vi'let sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose—
To deck my charming Anna's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day,
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at ev'ning, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak;
When from it's lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well—
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell,
That falling tear—What does it mean?

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely mor'list said:
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours—
See yonder what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at ev'ning, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung,
I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who di'd to-day,
Such I, alas, may be to-morrow;—
Go, Arthur, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Anna's sorrow.

---

129. *Address to the Deity; on Humanity.*

Thou *Great Unseen*, who causest gentle deeds,
And smil'st on what thou causest; thus I bless thee,
That thou didst deign consult the tender make
Of yielding human hearts, when thou ordain'dst
Humanity a virtue—Didst incline
That nat'ral bias of the soul to mercy,
Then mad'st *that* mercy duty. *Gracious Pow'r!*
Mad'st the keen rapture exquisite as right:
Beyond the joys of sense—as *pleasure* sweet,
As *reason* constant, and as *instinct* strong.

---

130. *A Court Audience.*

Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport:

He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp'd, began to call,
"Pray wake the earl of Lauderdale:—
My lord—why 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud, you'll wake the king."

---

131. *Humility.*

Know, my son,
That no inferior blessing is reserv'd
For the mild, *passive virtues*; meek content,
Heroic self-denial, nobler far
Than all th' atchievements noisy *fame* reports,
When her shrill trump proclaims the proud success
Which desolates the nations. But on earth,
These are not always fortunate; because
Eternal Justice keeps them for the bliss
Of final recompense, for the dread day
Of gen'ral retribution. O my son!
The ostentatious virtues which still press
For notice, and for praise; the brilliant deeds
Which live but in the eye of observation,—
These have their meed at once. But there's a joy,
To the fond votaries of *fame* unknown;
To hear the still, small voice of conscience speak
It's whisp'ring plaudit to the silent soul.
Heav'n notes the sigh afflicted *goodness* heaves;
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,
And from the cheek of patient sorrow, wipes
The tear by mortal eye unseen or scorn'd.

---

132. *On Time.*

E'en while the careless disencumber'd soul
Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,—

Ev'n then, to time's tremendous verge we roll,
With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.
Can gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?
Ah! beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder alike unknown the prince and slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.
The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
To dumb oblivion's ever-desert shade.

---

133. *True Courage.*

True courage is not mov'd by breath of words.
The *rash bravery* of boiling blood,
Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
A fev'rish tide; it has it's ebbs and flows,
As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
Or circumstances change. But *inborn courage*,
The gen'rous child of fortitude and faith,
Hold it's firm empire in the constant soul;
And, like the stedfast pole-star, never once
From the same fix'd and faithful point declines.

---

134. *Ode.*

Tell me thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?
Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;

Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now alas! no comfort know?
O! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under ev'ry well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And ev'ry tear is full of thee;—
Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief—
O visit thou my soothing dream!

---

135. *A Description of Night.*

Now came still *ev'ning* on, and *twilight* grey
Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphirs: Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

---

136. *Fox-Hunter.*

The squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,

Is *that* thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsey you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

---

137. *To Handel.*

O mighty Handel, what seraphic pow'r
Gave inspiration to thy sacred song?
Thyself perchance was some supernal spirit
Permitted to reside on earth awhile,
To teach us here what *music* is in Heav'n.

---

138. *Ingratitude.*

He that's ungrateful hath no guilt but one—
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

---

139. *Reflection.*

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

---

140. *The Power of Time.*

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock (said a Welch divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

---

141. *Human Life.*

Ah, what is human life?
How like the dial's tardy-moving shade;
Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd!

The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen—
Yet soon the hour is up, and we are gone,

---

142. *Pleasure.*

Pleasure's slave,
Though bound in flow'ry fetters, silky soft,
Is more subdued, than is the casual victim
Of furious rage, and violent ambition.
Ambition is a fierce, but short-liv'd fire;
But pleasure with a constant flame consumes.
War slays her thousands; but destructive pleasure,
More fell, more fatal, her ten thousands slays.

---

143. *The Blind Boy.*

O say what is that thing call'd *light*,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!
You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but can't discern
The brightest day from night.
With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.
Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

---

144. *The omnipresence of the Deity.*

Yes, thou art ever present, *Pow'r Supreme!*
Not circumscrib'd by time, nor fix'd to space,

Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound:
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In dungeons or on thrones, the faithful find thee!
E'en in the burning cauldron thou wast near
To Shadrach and the holy brotherhood:
The unhurt martyrs bless'd thee in the flames,
They sought, and found thee; call'd, and thou wast there.

---

145. *The Prayer of a wise Heathen.*

Great Jove this one petition grant;
(Thou knowest best what mortals want:)
Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply—
What's evil, to our pray'rs deny.

---

146. *David killeth Goliath.*

1 *Sam.* 17 *Ch.* 49 *v.*

The haughty *giant* stalk'd
Stately, across the valley. Next the *youth*
With modest confidence advanc'd. Nor pomp,
Nor gay parade, nor martial ornament,
His graceful form adorn'd. Goliath strait
With solemn state, began the busy work
Of dreadful preparation. In one place
His closely-jointed mail an op'ning left
For air, and only one: the watchful *youth*
Mark'd that the beaver of his helm was up.
Meanwhile the *giant* such a blow devis'd,
As would have crush'd him; this the youth perceiv'd,
And from his well-directing sling, he hurl'd
With dext'rous aim, a stone, which sunk, deep lodg'd,
In the capacious forehead of the foe.
Then with a cry, as loud and terrible,
As Lybian lions roaring for their young,
Quite stunn'd, the furious *giant* stagger'd, reel'd,
And fell—the mighty mass of man fell prone.

With it's own weight his shatter'd bulk was bruis'd.
His clatt'ring arms rung dreadful thro' the field,
And the firm basis of the solid earth
Shook. Chok'd with blood and dust, he curs'd his gods,
And di'd—blaspheming! Strait the victor *youth*
Drew from his sheath the *giant's* pond'rous sword,
And from th' enormous trunk, the goary head,
Furious in death, he sever'd. The grim visage
Look'd threat'ning still, and still frown'd horribly.

---

147. *Song.*

From the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay:
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown:
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our ev'ning shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree;
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And *temp'rance* my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Nor too giddy with joy, nor with sorrow deprest;
I'll neither invoke,
Nor repine at death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

---

148. *Youthful Innocence.*

We were
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be a boy eternal.
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing: no, nor dream'd
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er had been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heav'n
Boldly, not guilty.

---

149. *Happiness the inseparable Companion of Virtue.*

To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow—'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the *blest* know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is *goodness.*

---

150. *A Moral Thought.*

Thro' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths, the careless *rill,*
With languid murmur steals along.

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And ling'ring leaves it's native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide,
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.
When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

---

151. *Rage.*

Away—begone—and give a whirlwind room!
Or I will blow you up like dust—avaunt!
Madness but meanly represents my toil!
Eternal discord,
Fury, revenge, disdain and indignation,
Tear my swoll'n breast; make way for fire and tempest:
My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd.
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the rack; while passions like the winds,
Rise up to heav'n, and put out all the stars.

---

152. *Giles Jolt.*

Giles Jolt as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilf'rers stole his team away.
Giles wakes and cries—What's here! odsdickin, what!
Why how now—Am I Giles, or am I not?
If *he*, I've lost six horses to my smart;
If not—odsbuddikins I've found a cart!

---

153. *Labour Recommended.*

E'en nature lives by toil;
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns and rolling worlds,

All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
But death and ruin—man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improv'd by labour. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable.

---

154. *Song.*

Gently stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly I desire,
In the dripping put a toast;
That I hunger may remove—
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lies,
O the charming white and red!
Finer meat near met my eyes,
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Let the jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean:
Pickles get, and sallad both,
Let them each be fresh and green:
With small beer, good ale, and wine—
O ye gods how I shall dine!

---

155. *A Hymn for Haymakers.*

Brisk *chanticleer* his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night,
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.

Strong *labour* got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfume to the breath of the south;
On his back hung his wallet and flail:
Behind him came *health* from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:
Now the rural *graces* three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree;
First the vestal *virtue*, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her in rosy pride,
Sweet *society* the bride;
Last *honesty* full seemly drest
In her cleanly home-spun vest.
The abbey bells in wak'ning rounds,
The warning peal have giv'n;
And pious *gratitude* resounds
Her morning hymn to *heav'n*:
All *nature* wakes; the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play;
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day.

Come my mates let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines our hay-cocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake.

Our voices let's raise
In *phœbus's* praise,
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme—

Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

---

156. *The Confidence of Virtue.*

The man of noble purpose nothing daunts,
No, not a falling world. He were compos'd
And stedfast as a rock, tho' floods of fire,
The world and all it's fellows swept away,
And he beheld an universe in flames.

---

157. *On Time.*

Time hastes away,
Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe it's stay:
The rolling years with constant motion run;
Lo! while I speak the present minute's gone;
And following hours urge the foregoing on.
'Tis not thy wealth, 'tis not thy pow'r—
'Tis not thy piety can thee secure—
They're all too feeble to withstand
Grey hairs, approaching age, and thy avoidless end.

---

158. *Wisdom.*

Solicit Wisdom from above;
Wisdom, whose fruits are purity and peace!
Wisdom, that bright intelligence which sat
Supreme, when with his golden compasses
Th' *Eternal* plann'd the fabric of the world,
Produc'd his fair idea into light,
And said, that all was good! Wisdom, blest beam!
The brightness of the everlasting light!
The spotless mirror of the power of God!
The reflex image of th' all-perfect mind!
A stream translucent, flowing from the source

Of glory infinite; a cloudless light!
Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute
Her unstain'd purity! Not Ophir's gold,
Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price!
The di'mond of the mine is pale before her!
And, like the oil Elisha's bounty bless'd,
She is a treasure which doth grow by use,
And multiply by spending! She contains
Within herself the sum of excellence:
If riches are desir'd, Wisdom is wealth!
If prudence, where shall keen invention find
Artificer more cunning? If renown,
In her right hand it comes! If piety,
Are not her labours virtues? If the lore
Which sage experience teaches, lo, she scans
Antiquity's dark truths; the past she knows,
Anticipates the future; not by arts
Forbidden, of Chaldean sorcerer;
But from the piercing ken of deep foreknowledge;
From her sure science of the human heart;
Weighing effects with causes, ends with means;
And from the probable the certain forms,
With palpable conjecture!

---

159. *To a young Gentleman.*

Nature has done her part—do thou but thine;
Learning and sense let decency refine:
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules;
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

---

160. *On two Millers named Bone and Skin.*

Bone and *Skin*, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it—
But be it known to *Skin* and *Bone*,
That *flesh* and *blood* can't bear it.

161. *Bad Fortune more easily borne than good.*

With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
Is *to deserve* that fortune.—In adversity
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest;
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

---

162. *On Two Twin-Sisters.*

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.
In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

---

163. *Reflections on killing a Fly.*

Pupil. Indeed dear Sir I have but kill'd a fly.—
Preceptor. But how, if that fly had a father and mother;
How would he hang his slender, gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

---

164. *Epigram.*

Cries Ned to his neighbours, as onwards they press'd,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest:
Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure?

---

165. *The Mind alone valuable.*

Well, come my boy; we will unto your father's,
E'en in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the *mind* that makes the *body* rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good boy; neither art thou the worse,
For this poor furniture and mean array.

---

166. *Courtier and Scholar.*

A haughty courtier meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit.—
The scholar said, I do, and gave him it.

---

167. *Description of a Fool, and his Morals on Time.*

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow fool,' quoth I. 'No Sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
'Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
'And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.

---

168. *On an Epigram.*

See, with what virtue Wit is fraught!
It's poignancy admire!
Which, by contracting flights of thought,
Can set the soul on fire.
So convex glasses, made compleat,
Contract the rays of light;
Which when apart give little heat,
But burn when they unite.

---

169. *Filial Piety.*

Have I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years
Thy tenderness for me? An eye still beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?
It must not be!—thou first of angels! come,
Sweet *filial piety!* and firm thy breast:
Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 33 JUL